

Love or Host

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Love or Host

by [mimispopppingoff](#)

Summary

Dream gets a call from George after being on "Love or Host" and his date stream with Minx/Andrea. They talk about things.

Notes

Some background info for those who might need it:

George was on a Twitch show called "Love or Host" which is essentially a dating show, but the relationship isn't permanent or anything; it's just meant to be wholesome. After the show, the winner went on a Minecraft date with George, which he streamed on his own Twitch channel. The full streams can be found on AustinShow and GeorgeNotFound respectively.

Disclaimer:

This is an AU interpretation of what happened after these events. What I write isn't necessarily what I believe happened. This is simply just some much needed content for the dreamnotfound shippers after this insane day lol.

Also, the Dream Team has stated that they are okay with being shipped with one another and that they don't mind if people write fanfics about them. Shipping is only meant to be

fun and not taken seriously.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream had George's stream playing on his desktop monitor as he heard him finally saying his goodbyes to his audience, featuring Sapnap's singing. He wasn't actually watching since he was scrolling through Twitter on his phone, but he could hear the exhaustion in his voice. The British boy had been streaming non-stop for nearly ten hours and he started when it was already 9 p.m. for him.

And what a batshit crazy ten hours it was. Dream had been there to witness the whole thing. He had joined in as a guest caller when George was on "Love or Host," watching as multiple girls tried to win his affection in a dating game. Then almost immediately after, George had begun streaming his Minecraft date with the winner, Minx, on his own channel, which again Dream was there to help set up. He had left them for a while but then came back after Minx suddenly spit on George and left.

By then George was already spent. The poor boy had gone through a series of emotional ups and downs for the past couple hours, and Dream could see that it was starting to take a toll on him.

And still, Dream teased him.

Looking back, Dream still wasn't quite sure what came over him. It came out like word vomit the way he chided George for not choosing him in the end and breaking his and several other girls' hearts. Even his tweeting was more reckless for then he suddenly found himself egging Andrea, the runner up, on to come onto Minecraft with him and get their revenge on George and tease him together. She eventually did, and Dream felt nothing but an almost sadistic joy watching her try her best to beat him up since she had never actually played Minecraft before. George, of course, simply took it, which he had been forced to do the whole night; just take whatever crazy thing was thrown at him.

And Dream didn't stop with the teasing. He called George mean and a pussy even when Twitter and the Twitch chat was already giving him enough flack. He first had an inkling that maybe he was taking things too far when Sapnap joined the world and immediately hit the chat with a "what the hell is this dream".

It was like he was calling him out directly, which Dream suspected was probably the case. Sapnap knew him the longest and could read him better than anyone else. He had been following along with both streams as well and knew that George wasn't the one who invited Andrea onto the server. The thing was that Dream didn't know how to answer his question. He couldn't really explain how they had all gotten here or why Dream had added onto the mess by doing all of this.

The easy answer was that it was just funny, that it was all just jokes. He wasn't really angry at George for not picking him and going on a cute Minecraft date with the one he did. He wasn't really pissed at George for breaking his heart and then having fun playing chess with Andrea and showing her how to play and build and complimenting her Nether bridge they all built together. He wasn't really mad at George for agreeing to go on this stupid dating show in the first place. It was all just for fun, just for laughs.

So then why couldn't he stop bringing it up?

Which brought him here, listening to George close off his stream and complain for the billionth time that his cheeks hurt because he's been smiling so much. For reasons Dream refused to unpack, it made his stomach ache. He felt a bit guilty though for causing George a bit more unnecessary stress than needed, so right before the stream ended, Dream felt the need to clear up some misunderstandings and say that all the parties involved were okay and that there were no hard feelings. It was worth it seeing the relief light up on George's face.

It was only when the stream was officially over that Dream abandoned all his electronics and plopped himself face down on his bed. Being in Florida, it was a bit late in the night for him, but he knew that it was even later for George. The sun may have already started to go up for the UK-based boy which worried Dream. George always complained about having a shitty sleep schedule, and Dream was sure that this insane day was no help for him.

He pressed his face flat against his duvet, trying to ignore all the weird things that were going on within his stomach and throughout his body. All these weird pricks and aches he felt were foreign to him, and they only got worse the more he thought about George and all these damn girls he spent so much time with today.

He lifted his head up with a jolt. Woah. There was no need for that to come out that harsh. The girls did nothing wrong. George knew what he was getting into when he agreed to be on the show and so did Dream, and he knew that the decisions that George made were none of his business. He huffed out a sigh. He needed to go to bed. This entire day was just weird, and he probably just needed to sleep it off.

He went through his nightly routine, turning off his computer, putting on fresh pajamas, and brushing his teeth, all while avoiding Twitter as much as possible. It didn't take long for him to get back into bed, but before he could get under the covers, his phone began to ring. Standing up and collecting it from where he left it on his computer desk, he couldn't help the small smile that appeared on his face after seeing that the contact spelled out "gogy <3".

He picked up. "Hey."

The first thing he heard was a heavy sigh and a couple seconds of silence. "... Okay, so that was stressful. Also, hi."

All the tension Dream was carrying suddenly broke in that moment, swiftly exiting his body in the form of a wheezing laugh. He had been talking to George pretty much all day, but there was something about being on a call alone with him that just brought instant good vibes. "You're such an idiot, George."

"Whatever, Dream... Were you sleeping?"

"No. Was about to though. The real question is why aren't you? Isn't it, like, 6 a.m. over there?"

"Hmm, yeah. Just... Just wanted to talk to you for a bit though."

Dream plopped back down on his bed, ignoring the little swoop he felt in his chest. A part of him wanted to acknowledge how sweet that was and how nice it made him feel, but Dream's pride turned that response into a scoff and a, "So *now* you wanna talk to me. You leave me for some girls, and now that they're gone, you come crawling back—"

"Clay. C'mon, please?"

Dream's words halted in his throat and his body froze up the way it always did when George used

his real name. He never said it except for when people occasionally request it on a stream, so using it on his own let Dream know that he was being completely serious. Dream cleared his throat to shake off the initial shock. “Right. Sorry. Um, what did you wanna talk about?”

The other line was quiet for a couple seconds before Dream heard another groan. “Fuck. I don’t really know. Just... Did you mean what you said? At the end of my stream, I mean. You think Minx is really okay?”

Dream resisted the impulsive urge to scoff. It was a completely valid question for George to ask, but still. He couldn’t believe that even after ten hours, he was still thinking about these girls and their feelings. “Yes, *George*, ” Dream started with a bit of attitude in his tone. “She’s fine. I don’t think either one of them is genuinely upset over all this. Actually, *you* might be the only one that is. So just relax, okay?”

More silence on the other line, but this time it was much more prolonged. Dream simply sat in it, his throat feeling constricted to keep his own emotions in, but it got to a point where he was worried that the call might’ve dropped somehow. He was just about to say something just to make sure George was still there when he heard his softer voice float through the speaker.

“Dream. Are you... are you really upset with me?”

A heavy pang of guilt came straight for his chest. Through everything they’d gone through together, Dream never once thought that George would think he’d ever be really upset with him. “What?”

He could hear George’s quiet stuttering, no doubt trying to arrange his thoughts into a cohesive sentence. “It’s just...” he finally started, his voice soft and careful and... afraid? “I mean, I know it’s probably just a joke, but you’ve kind of been coming for me since I started streaming. I mean, you always do, but I don’t know, to me it just felt like you were really...”

His voice got even quieter after the pause. “I don’t know. Am... am I just being oversensitive about all this?”

More guilt, except this one felt like a burning throughout his skin. Even Dream could be guilty of forgetting that George could feel hurt about things. They talked shit to each other all the time, and George had always taken it and retaliated like an absolute champ, but even he had a breaking point, a threshold someone could cross before he really started to take it personally. Dream was realizing now that he crossed that line.

He moved so that he went from sitting on his bed to laying on it, his face staring up blankly at the ceiling. The worst thing about this was George thought this was *his* fault. That *he* was the one that was being too serious about it when the reality was that Dream... Well, Dream was realizing now that maybe he really *did* want George to hurt, and it made him feel like a complete asshole.

But this wasn’t about Dream and how he felt. Not anymore. “No, you’re not... Tell me how you’re feeling, George.”

Dream couldn’t see him, but he could feel it in the way his voice changed that George finally abandoned his composure and was able to vent the way he needed to.

“I just don’t want people to think I’m actually this asshole who breaks girls’ hearts. I didn’t mean for this whole thing with Minx to happen, but she did spit on me. And people were saying that’s just her way of showing affection, but... I just don’t know. And then people were upset that Andrea came onto the server and some thought that I was being a little harsh on her and Minx, and

now Twitter's gone all crazy, and it's all just—"

Dream waited patiently for George to keep going, his chest constricting tighter with each passing moment. It was currently cloudy in Florida, meaning there was no moonlight shining through Dream's window to illuminate the room. It was almost completely black, and the only sense Dream could ground himself on was the sound of George's obnoxious fan blowing loud enough that it could be heard on the other line. George's volume was barely above that when he spoke again.

"I just don't want people to hate me... I never meant to hurt anyone. I should've never gone on that stupid show." He scoffed before continuing, his tone slightly more sarcastic. "And maybe you're right. I should've just picked you and avoided this whole mess."

The swooping feeling in Dream's chest returned. It's funny how things could quickly turn on a person. An hour ago, that's what he wanted to hear from George the most, but now that he had, it didn't feel as good as he wanted it to feel.

Dream inhaled heavily, sure that George could hear him on the other side. His mind had gone back to the first time they met in person, outside of a damn Pizza Hut in Bristol. He remembered the stupid way he screamed his name, his real name, from the distance when he arrived and promptly *sprinted* towards him to give him the best hug Dream's ever gotten in his life. He remembered how hard he had laughed, how happy the both of them felt to finally see each other without a screen between them.

George had always made him happy without even trying. Now Dream felt like he had to do everything in his power to make George feel the same.

So, naturally, he began with, "You really are an idiot, George."

"Dream—"

"No, seriously, let me finish. You're an idiot for thinking that anyone could genuinely hate you. George, you were literally so sweet and nice to those girls that all of them except one chose to love you instead of host. Both Minx and Andrea had a great time with you. I promise you that they did, and that's what really matters in the end, right?"

"And with Twitter and the chat, just forget about all that. I'm serious, just get off of Twitter right now. Don't let the bad fans or even the good fans get to you. At the end of the day they don't really know you, not like I do, so they have no business making assumptions about you or telling you what to do.

"You're not an asshole, George, or a heartbreaker, or mean, or a pussy, and I'm sorry I played a part in calling you those things. You're not. You're..." Dream's voice faltered as he took in audible shaky breath. He didn't know what was wrong with him. He suddenly felt so exposed and vulnerable, which he hated more than anything, and if he kept going the feeling would only get worse.

But once again George's voice broke through the darkness, his own voice still so, so soft. "Dream?" It was already different than before, delicate with expectation, like Dream had the power to shatter it at any time.

Vulnerability be damned.

"You're the best person I know. You're smart, you're kind, you're unfairly funny. You do stupid

things that make me laugh. You say things that really aren't that funny but because you said them they are. You blush *so* easily that I honestly have no choice but to embarrass you all the time as payback for making *me* smile all the damn time. You have the biggest fucking mouth I've ever seen but also the best smile in the world as far as I'm concerned. You scream too loud, but I love hearing it. You fight with Sapnap too much, but he loves you. All my friends love you. You're just... you're literally just the most incredible person I've ever met, and I love... all the things about you that I just said."

If Dream thought he was word vomiting before, then he had no idea what the hell all that was. Word spewage maybe. He tried to be nice when complimenting George, but there was no force strong enough in the world that could stop him from calling the other boy an idiot. After he had stopped though, again, the room was filled with silence. Dream thought that he would still feel awful and exposed after revealing all that to George, but strangely enough, he didn't. It felt... kind of freeing actually. It's not like this was his first time complimenting George or anything like that. Quite the opposite really. He was always telling the shorter man how much he loved him, but up until this point there was always an atmosphere of joking around them whenever those words were said. Now that Dream was here without it, it suddenly was a lot harder to say them again with complete honesty.

The bad feelings began to resurface the longer that George stayed quiet though. Dream wanted to clear his throat or swallow or do anything, but he felt like he couldn't move or else something in the air would break. It got so bad that Dream considered just hanging up, but then George broke the silence. He heard something like a scoff on the other line, and it took Dream a bit to realize that George was *laughing*. Dream was so stunned that he couldn't do anything but listen. Once it began to die down, George finally spoke, the last wisps of laughter leaving his mouth through his words.

"*You're* the idiot. When were you gonna tell me you're in love with me, Dream?"

Dream swore that he went into cardiac arrest. "Wha— I'm not. I'm not in love—"

George laughed again, a fucking wonderful sound that was full of air and teasing. "Okay, simp."

Dream was absolutely speechless. Almost. "What the hell, George? I say all these nice things about you, and the only thing you say back to me is that I'm an idiot and a simp? Nah, you know what, I'm taking it all back. You're literally the wor—"

"I love you too, Dream."

No, *now* he was in cardiac arrest. "... What."

George, the little shit, laughed again. "I said 'I love you.'"

"I— So what, you can say it to me so easily when we're on call, but when I ask you to do it on stream you never want to?"

George scoffed, but Dream could hear it in his voice that he was smiling. "'Cause I don't just say it to anyone willy nilly, unlike *someone*. I only say it when I really mean it. And I do. I love you... Clay."

"Ah—" was the only sound that could come out of Dream's mouth. This... This was driving him a bit insane. It wasn't the first time George said those words to him. Donors had tricked him into saying it before on stream and on rare occasions George has been coerced into saying it. But this was completely unprecedented. No one was forcing him. He said it on his own and so genuinely too that Dream thought he might actually die if his chest grew any tighter. A new kind of heat

spread throughout his body, hotter than the guilt he had felt earlier but *much* more pleasurable. George... George loved him.

“But... do you *love* , love me, or just, like, *love* me?” Dream asked before he could stop himself.

George let out another breathless laugh, and Dream could feel his cheeks pulling his lips up into a smile. “Which one do you want it to mean?” he then asked, his voice low with sleepiness and his accent more prominent than ever,

It was Dream’s turn to flush completely red. “You— I— Just— You know what, I take it back. I hate you. You’re so annoying. Shut up.”

George laughed again, and Dream thought that he was willing to say just about anything to hear it over and over again. As embarrassed and played as he felt, the smile never left his face. He was glad that he was alone in his completely dark room because he didn’t want anyone, not even himself, to see what he must’ve looked like right now.

“The sun’s coming up,” George suddenly said, and Dream could imagine the orange just beginning to peak over the horizon and slowly illuminate George’s bedroom.

Dream then remembered their staggering time difference. “Go to sleep, you moron. You’ve been up for, like 20 hours now.”

“Hmm, maybe,” George softly replied.

Another silence enveloped the two, but this one was a little different. It was a new kind of comfort, a contentedness with just being together but also not really being together. If Dream was being honest, he could’ve stayed like that all the way into his night/George’s morning, but George broke the silence again.

“Dream?”

“Yeah?”

“... Thanks. For talking to me. For everything.”

Another splash of warmth filled Dream’s chest. His voice was completely genuine when he responded with, “Of course. Anytime.”

A brief silence. Dream could feel George rearing up to tease him. “I love you.”

Dream scoffed again, but he couldn’t bring himself to retaliate how he normally would. Focusing on the fire that was blazing through him, he replied. “I love you, too.”

Neither of them felt the need to say a proper goodbye. Dream just pulled his phone away from his ear and watched as the call screen ended and switched back to his home screen. He waited until his phone automatically locked before smiling wildly to himself. He gleefully kicked his way under his sheets and continued to smile face first into his pillow. It didn’t take very long for sleep to overcome him, his grin seemingly permanently etched into his face.

dream flirting with george: ;)

george: you're so annoying

george flirting with dream: ;)

dream: HSHGSHGJJSGJSG WHAT???

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